The Boy Who Fancied Himself a Beast

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The Boy Who Fancied Himself a Beast

by PidgeonGuts

Summary

A smart young man named Will Graham moves from Louisiana to Virginia. Enrolling in the FBI Academy, he meets an older man, Hannibal Lecter, who takes Will under his wing. Only something sinister is coiled under the surface of Dr. Lecter's well put together human suit.

The First Encounter

The sun beat down on the airport, it was Will's first time away from home. He was nineteen and ready to begin his own life. Will to a cab, pulling his luggage along with him. Will vividly remembered his father watching him get in his car and drive away from their little house in Louisiana for the last time. The two never got along, Will's father was a cold man, he would 'teach him a lesson' whenever Will stepped outside of what was expected of him. The young man had secretly filled out an application to attend to the FBI Academy. The best day of his life was when Will received his acceptance letter.

Will looked outside of windows of the cab, looking at the city that would be his new home. Quantico was a small town, in Virginia and Richmond was an hour or so away. Will was used to a small town, being raised in Abita Springs, which rested just north of New Orleans. Fishing was the only nice memory Will really had from home. Will hopped out of the cab in front of an apartment building, walking inside.

A young brunette woman sat behind the front desk, twirling her hair in her fingers and chewing gum obnoxiously. Will walked up to the desk

"Hello, I'm, uh, a new tenant... apartment D17..." Will looked at the woman for a moment before looking away.

"M'kay. Just sign this stuff, and I'll go grab your keys." The lady stood up, going into a backroom, leaving Will with some paperwork. It took about ten minutes for Will to fill out the paperwork, and he was handed over the keys. Will dipped his head and walked to the elevator, clicking the button for the fourth floor. The doors slid open and the young man pulled his luggage inside. Will went to his room, unlocking the door and slipping inside quickly. The apartment was small, one bedroom, one bath, a small kitchenette, and a little living room. The door was located in the little kitchen, and a doorway led into the living room. A narrow hallway stemmed from the living room and contained two doors. The first door led into the bathroom, and the second door led into the bedroom. Will made his bed and unpacked.

There was a week before classes would start, and Will had filed out a job application to start working at a little café downtown. The first day of work would be his second day in Quantico. The first day surged by quickly, mostly consisting of Will unpacking. Will slipped into his bed, curling up in his dark grey blankets to sleep for the night.

When Will was born his father was furious at a biological variation Will had. Will was born with both genitalia, being intersex. He had a somewhat small penis, and behind his balls was a small vagina. Will's mother hadn't cared, he couldn't remember her well. All Will knew about his mother was that she left when he was four. He remembered waking up one morning, waddling around his house looking for his mom. She had left in the middle of the night, having hated Will's father.

At noon the next day Will slid out of bed and dressed himself. Wearing a grey sweater, and black pants. The café Will was to be working at was small, and smelled like fresh pastries and coffee. Will walked to the counter.

“Hello, my name is Will Graham, I’m the new hire.”

“Oh! Okay, I’ll get boss!” the man behind the counter quickly rushed to the back room to tell the boss. The café was bustling with people eating and chatting. A man with dirty blonde hair caught Will’s attention, he was about forty it appeared, and had prominent cheekbones. The man had been staring at Will, with dark reddish-brown eyes. Will flushed a bit, lip tugging into a bashful smile as he looked away. Will tried to ignore the man, but he stood up and approached him with measured strides of long legs.

“Hello, I’m afraid I don’t recognize you. My name is Hannibal.” The man spoke, he had a distinctly European accent.

“Oh-uh- yeah. I’m new around here, I’m Will.” the man reached forward and shook Will’s hand firmly.

“A pleasure to meet you. It’s a small area, I knew you seemed new.” Hannibal’s eyes scanned Will like an x-ray. Will avoided the man’s eyes.

“Just moved in yesterday, actually.”

“How lovely, I’ll have to have you to my home for dinner when you are free.” Hannibal’s lips turned slightly upward.

“Oh- I- Sure" Will stumbled over his tongue, Hannibal didn’t seem bothered by it.

“Well, until we cross paths again, Will.” Hannibal turned and walked away with practiced ease. Almost as soon as Hannibal began to walk away, Will’s new boss walked over to him.

“Hello, Will! I’m Alana, I’ll be your boss.”

“Hello. Nice to meet you.” Will and Alana shook hands. Beverly’s eyes caught Hannibal walking out of the café.

“I just missed, Doctor Lecter, I meant to give him a recipe he asked for.” Alana tuts “Anyways, follow me.” she led Will into the back room. Over the next few hours, Alana taught Will the ropes of the job. By the end of the night Will felt a bit more relaxed about his new place of inhabitance. Now Will had a job, and his own money, which he never had back home.

A Mansion in the Woods

The first days in Quantico went by pleasantly, Will would work during the day and walk back to his apartment for the evenings. It was Will's fifth day, when after work there was a knock at his front door. Will walks to the door, opening it to see a woman with long dark hair.

"Hey, I saw you moving in the other day, I thought I'd bring you a little house warming gift." the woman held out a bottle of wine "My name's Beverly, by the way."

"Nice to meet you, my name's Will, I'm not twenty-one yet.." he admits awkwardly. Beverly paused and nods

"Shit, sorry, you looked a bit older from down the hall, with the facial hair. How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Wow."

"Come in" Will moves to the side and allows the older woman into the apartment.

"Are you in school?"

"Yeah, I'm enrolled in the FBI academy."

"No shit, I work in the behavioral unit." Beverly smiled, sitting down across from Will in the living room.

"Oh wow! What a small world. Do you like it?" the teenager leaned forward, eager to hear what Beverly said.

"I love it. It's difficult, but I enjoy it. Long hours and all, a lot of thinking."

Will nodded quickly to urge Beverly to continue.

"It was worth all the training." Beverly promised. Will grins childishly. He found himself opening up to Beverly, she was kind to him and honest. She didn't treat him like a child.

"I want to know about a guy named Hannibal, I met him in the café I work at. He's been giving me eyes." Will sips his coffee he made himself. Beverly sips her wine, smiling widely.

"Oh, Doctor Lecter, he's a professor at the academy. He is smart, was a surgeon and is a psychologist on the side." Beverly hums thoughtfully

"What class does he teach?"

"Behavioral science, and ethics." The woman leaned back in her seat, observing Will. It would be a lie if Will told Beverly that he didn't find Hannibal attractive. Being around the

man made him slightly nervous, feeling those red eyes scanning him and watching his movements.

“You look nervous, sure you aren’t the one with eyes on Lecter?”

“He’s handsome. Stares at me while I work. Like he’s dissecting me with his eyes.” Will tilts his head back, gazing at the ceiling.

“he’s loaded too, he lives in a huge house in the woods. Owns ten acres of land.”

“Money doesn’t matter to me.”

“He would treat you well.” Beverly chuckles. Will blushes shyly, thinking about wearing fancy suits and jewelry that Hannibal bought for him. Beverly left late into the night, taking what was left of the wine back to her apartment. It was so pleasant for Will to have company, and he slept easy that night.

Soon Will’s first day at the academy was upon him. Will tugged on his uniform, fixing his hair, grabbing his small bag and walking to class. First was his physical training, firearms training, operational skills, case exercises, then finally academics. The day went by well, Will didn’t really talk to any of his classmates, staying to himself. Before he knew it, it was time to go to his academics.

Will walked into a classroom, Dr. Lecter stood at his desk, his eyes lifted and he looked at Will. Hannibal smiled faintly, Will walked up to a desk and sat down. Still feeling Hannibal’s eyes boring into him. More students trickled into the room. Hannibal taught his lessons for the day, looking at Will from time to time, their eyes locking together. Will felt like he was sitting there for hours. The buzz went off, marking the end of class. Everyone trickled back out of the room. Will walked over to Hannibal.

“Hello, Doctor Lecter.”

“An honor to meet you again, Will.” Hannibal moved closer to Will.

“The pleasure is mine.”

“How old are you? Living alone in a new city is stressful, you should have someone to guide you along.”

“I’m nineteen, that might be nice...” Will whispered. Hannibal was almost pressing against Will, leering over him.

“I would love you have you for dinner, Will. I can pick you up and drop you off.” Hannibal and Will stare into each other’s eyes. Will’s heart was racing, thumping hard against his ribcage. Like a trapped bird.

“That would be nice... I live in the apartment building on Oak street.”

“I will pick you up at five.” Hannibal reaches up and fixes Will’s curls with an absent hand. Someone cleared their throat behind them and Will snapped to attention. A large muscular

man stood there, arms crossed over his broad chest.

“Doctor Lecter. I would like to talk to you about a case.”

“Of course, goodbye, William.” Hannibal pats Will’s shoulder.

“Goodbye, Doctor Lecter.” Will swiveled and left the room.

Will rushed home to prepare himself for his night with Dr. Lecter. Will picked out a red button-up, black jeans that hugged his ass, and cologne. Before long it was five o’clock. Will watched with rapt curiosity as a Bentley Arnage drove down the street to his building. The car parked, and Hannibal emerged, walking up to Will.

“Hello, Will.”

“Hello, Hannibal.” Will eyed Hannibal up, the man was wearing a blue three-piece suit, with a paisley tie. Hannibal opened the passenger side door for Will. Will smiled shyly and slid into the car. Hannibal walked around the car, sitting in the driver’s seat and starting to drive. Will looks out the window at the passing city.

“Do you enjoy working at the café?”

“Yeah, it’s really nice! Alana is really nice, and it is as good as working can get.”

“Good to hear. What’s your sexual orientation, Will?” Hannibal looks over at Will briefly.

“Oh, well, I’m gay.” Will blushed and Hannibal nodded approvingly.

Soon Hannibal turned into a private drive, driving into the forest, after five minutes or so a large house was visible. It had to be the biggest house Will ever saw. Large windows were set along the house, and it appeared to be three floors, and there was a large garage, with stone stairs leading up to large double doors. Hannibal parked in the cul-de-sac driveway, a large Japanese maple tree set in the center. Hannibal got out of the car, walking quickly to open Will’s door or him. Will slid out of the car.

“Your home is beautiful!” Will looks up at Hannibal. Hannibal’s lips turn up at the corners.

“Thank you, come inside, I have dinner prepared for us.” Hannibal strode with ease up to the front door, unlocking the door. Will stood next to him, looking around, he found it odd how a man like Hannibal lived out in the middle of the forest. A place where loud noise wouldn’t be heard, even screams.

An Arrangement is Made

The front room was a long hallway, with high ceilings. The floor was hardwood, and Will recognized the reddish brown as cherry oak, like Hannibal's eyes. Hannibal led Will down the hallway a few feet, walking through a doorway into a large pristine kitchen. Will was in shock, he never saw such a clean kitchen in his life. The flooring was tile slabs, and there were two metal islands by the counters. A door was close, a pantry, Will assumed, and a larger door near the ovens.

Hannibal smiles at Will, there was a platter covered in the center of the larger island, dinner. Will looks around, pacing around and looking at Hannibal's belongings, his eyes brightening a bit and he smiled a bit more freely.

"Feel free to make yourself at home, would you like some wine with dinner, Will?" the older man questioned as he walked to the island to pick up the platter.

"I've never drank before." Will smiles tepidly.

"Even better, it is best to drink for the first time with someone older there to guide you through the experience." Hannibal flashes his sharp white teeth in a fierce smile before pricking a bottle of wine from his fridge. Will nods, to him that made sense. Hannibal guided Will to the attached dining-room. Hannibal pulled out a seat at the long table for Will. Will sat down happily, looking up at Hannibal. He felt so grown up, sitting with Hannibal. The doctor set a plate in front of Will, filling up his glass with red wine.

Hannibal took a seat across from Will after filling his own glass with wine. Will cut the pork on his plate, taking his time to make sure the knife wouldn't squeak against the plate. He took the forkful up his lips and ate it. Tilting his head and shutting his eyes. Hannibal smirked, his head cocked. Will finished quickly, enveloped entirely in his meal. He must have been ten last time he had a home-cooked meal.

"This is amazing, thank you, Hannibal."

"You are welcome, it is a pleasure to have you in my home."

Will drank three or four glasses over dinner, Hannibal continued to refill the glass, smiling and watching Will. The boy's cheek flushed, his vision fuzzy, and his whole body heated up like boiling water. Hannibal stood and took away their dirty dishes. Will stood up and stumbled over his own feet. Giggling and leaning against the table. Hannibal rushed back over, reaching and holding Will up steady.

"Will, look at me." Hannibal cupped Will's chin with an even grip. Will gazed up at Hannibal, smiling lazily. Hannibal smirks, gently patting Will's cheek.

"You smell really good, pretty eyes." Will slurred, reaching up and hanging onto the doctor.

“I believe you are drunk. I will keep you here for the night.” Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will, lifting him with ease.

“Wow! You-” a hiccup “Are strong!” Will erupts into little laughs. Hannibal carries him through the hallway and up a flight of stairs. Hannibal set Will in a bed, and Will stretched out, not releasing Hannibal’s collar from his balled-up fists.

“Let go, Will, I am going to get you water okay?” Hannibal tangles his fingers in Will’s curly hair. Will whines and nods shakily. The man left for what felt like half an hour, and Will wriggled in the soft sheets. Soft footsteps approached and Hannibal sits Will up, nursing him from a glass of water. Will drank it, a drip of water falling past his lips. Calloused fingers cupped Will’s scalp, and Hannibal eases will back down into the sheets.

“Don’ go... please... stay with me...” A soft plead from the teenager’s lips. Hannibal smirks and sits beside Will in bed.

“I’m not leaving, sweet little lamb. You really are breathtaking.” Hannibal absently draws his fingers along Will’s cheek, rubbing his thumb into the soft flesh. Will groans, shutting his eyes and tilting his face into the touch. Hannibal smirks, slipping his hand over Will’s throat, squeezing with a carefully controlled grip. Will looks up at the man, eyes half shut “Oh, William, poor young thing.”

Will sputters and Hannibal applies more force, Will lets out a broken moan. Hannibal releases Will, pushing him to lay on his back to rest “Time for you to go to bed, Will.” Hannibal combs his fingers through Will’s hair, soothing the boy.

“Goodnight, Hanni.” Will utter, lulled to sleep by Hannibal’s hands on him.

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The next thing Will knew he was waking up, light pouring in through a window across the room. Will was curled up against Hannibal’s larger body. Hannibal opened his eyes, meeting Will’s ocean eyes. Color rushed to Will’s cheeks.

“Hello...” Will murmurs, his voice husky from sleep.

“Good morning, how do you feel?” Hannibal draped a powerful arm over Will’s body. Will rubbed his eyes of sleep with the back of his hand.

“Sick, I don’t remember what happened. My head hurts.” Will shut his eyes to avoid the red orbs drilling into his own. Hannibal chuckled, gently gripping the base of Will’s head by his dark curls.

“You were inebriated. I did not want to leave you by yourself.”

“That’s so embarrassing, god, I'm sorry.”

“It is alright, I do hope that you continue to come to my home for dinner. It is rather pleasant.”

“I would... really like that.” Will looks up at Hannibal as the man leaned over him.

“I have an offer for you, Will.” Hannibal pressed his fingers into Will’s scalp.

“W-What would that be?”

“I would like to have an arrangement organized. I will buy you gifts, clothes, I will take you to dinner parties, and on trips. In return for your time.” The words made Will blush, and his eyes widen.

“You... want to be my sugar-daddy? Would you want... you know...” Will murmurs

“Intercourse would be optional.” Hannibal pet Will’s head absently.

“I- god-Hannibal.” Will sighs and set his hand over Hannibal’s “Yes, I would like that.” The teenager’s skin was flushed and he avoided Hannibal’s gaze. Hannibal leaned over Will, pinning him in with his body. Will looks up, shyly tilting his head up for Hannibal, their lips meeting slowly. Hannibal’s lips were surprisingly rough, and he dominated the kiss. Will’s curious fingers gripped onto Hannibal’s broad shoulders. The first of many kisses the duo would share.

Breakfast Discussion

Will and Hannibal laid in bed for a few minutes longer before Hannibal stood up, pulling out clothes. Will watched, tracking all of Hannibal's movements and carefully rolling onto his belly, reaching to the nightstand were a lukewarm glass of water waited. The boy swiftly downed the whole glass, humming softly, cuddling into the silk cased pillows. A hand gently pet Will's head, Hannibal leaned down to kiss the crown of his head.

"I will have to take you shopping, some more tasteful cologne." the doctor teased.

"I got it for Christmas last year." Will wriggled onto his side to look at Hannibal. Will wanted to tell Hannibal that he was intersex, but he was terrified of how the man would react.

"I will find you something that would better suit you." Hannibal stroked Will's cheek, making the boy smile and his cheeks color pink.

"That'd be nice." Will's azure eyes gazed up at the older man.

"This arrangement will be very strict, and I plan on writing some rules for you to follow, and I will set up a closet for you here and at your apartment." Hannibal decided.

"Yes, sir." Will's lips tugged up into a warm smile. Hannibal drew himself back from the boy, walking toward the bedroom door.

"I laid out clothes for you on the dresser. I will make breakfast, and coffee." with that Hannibal left the room. Will laid in Hannibal's bed for a few minutes before he decided to not keep the man waiting. Laid out on the dresser was Will's own jeans, a white button-up, and a red cable knit sweater to go over it. After dressing himself Will checked himself over in the mirror, reaching to tentatively fix his curls. He had tucked in the button-up, and the sweater was too big on him, it smelled clean and with a hint of roses and green tea.

Will walked out of the bedroom, wandering down the hallway to the stairs, walking down the large staircase. The smell of coffee and sausage being cooked wafted to Will's nose. Will's mouth watered, and he scampered to the kitchen. Hannibal was focused, cooking with strong deft fingers.

"It smells fantastic, Hannibal." Will beams, approaching the counter and watching the doctor work.

"Thank you, Will." Hannibal's eyes dart up to observe Will, his eyes filling with pride and lust seeing Will in his clothes "You look delectable, Will."

"I- Oh- thanks." Will stutters, shyly averting his eyes. Hannibal flashed his teeth in a small smile. He plated the food and poured each of them a cup of coffee.

"Do you have work today?" Hannibal's eyes bore into Will's

“No, It’s my day off.”

“Good, it is mine as well. You will shower, and I will write out my rules for you.” Hannibal led the way into the dining room with their meal “Potatoe and cheese omelets, along with breakfast sausage.” Hannibal pulled a seat out for Will, pushing it in once Will was seated.

“Thanks” Will began eating, shifting in his seat, his eyes bright. Will ate quickly, soon finishing his meal. Hannibal watched this, smiling softly.

“Not many homecooked meals, or not many meals?” red eyes met blue, Will sighed and leaned back.

“Not many meals. My dad wasn’t the most diligent father.” Will murmurs

“What a shame. Our relationships with our parents greatly affect our growth, and what we even search for in our own partners.” Hannibal ate slowly, savoring the flavors. Will nodded absently, he was recalling something.

Will must have been no more than eleven years old, his father had kicked him out of the house. Forcing the small, spindly boy outside into the rain. The tiny boy wandered around in the woods, a group of three of four other boys saw him and beat the shit out of Will, forcing him to eat a toad. The little creature croaking in panic as the bigger boys forced it into Will’s mouth along with dirt.

Hannibal’s hand over Will’s brought him back to the moment. Will clung to Hannibal’s arm, leaning to rest his head against the doctor to soothe his nerves. Hannibal pet Will’s hair, taking in the boy’s scent. Smothering Will in pets and whispers in a foreign language calmed the boy’s trembling body. Hannibal noted Will’s response to mentioning his youth, and bundled Will up in his muscular arms.

“It is alright now, sweet lamb, you are safe. Breathe.” Hannibal whispered, hot air from his lips tickling Will’s ear and neck. Will didn’t respond with words, leaning up and catching Hannibal’s lips in his own. The elder man was caught off guard for a moment, but was fast to kiss back and part Will’s lips with his tongue. Will willingly parted his lips, grabbing at Hannibal’s hair with greedy fingers. The kiss grew heated, Hannibal pushed Will down, onto the dining table. Will gasps softly, eyes growing wide.

“I don’t think we should... not yet...” Will shyly objects, closing his legs tight, feeling hot wetness pooling up in his underwear.

“Of course, perhaps with time.” Hannibal kisses Will’s jaw before kissing him briefly. Will smiles against the kiss, so careful and slow. Full of passion.

The Contract

Hannibal and Will parted, Will wandered upstairs and searched for the bathroom. Hannibal went to his office, shutting the door to provide his own privacy. Will found a large bathroom attached to Hannibal's bedroom. The room had a tall ceiling, and a large bathtub rested beside a window, there was also an adjacent shower, and opposite was the toilet and sink. Will shut the door, leaning over to draw a warm bath. Will smiled and looked in awe at the luxurious marble countertop sink, and at how beautiful the bathtub was, it was nearly as big as a hot-tub!

Will rummaged around a cabinet, smiling as he found a towel and sweet-smelling soaps and matching body oils. The boy set the oil to the side and added some soap into the hot water. Will slowly stripped, leaving the clothes on the tile floor. He slid his feet into the comfortingly warm water, slowly sinking down into it. He rested his head back against the edge of the tub, stretching out contently. Will let his body relax, his muscles slowly becoming less tense. Will washed his hair, shutting his eyes and singing, as he always did while bathing.

Hannibal finished his contract for Will, walking upstairs, picking up a silk bathrobe for Will. He knocked on the door.

"Will, may I enter? I have a robe for you." Hannibal asked

"Yeah, come in." Will sank down into the water more, making sure the bubbles covered his genitals. Hannibal opened the door, letting himself in. He hung up the robe, leaning down and picking up Will's outfit to fold it neatly.

"Once you're done come to my study. I have your contract." Hannibal approached the tub slowly, not unlike a big cat stalking close to its prey, waiting for a moment to strike.

"Okay, Hannibal, do you have any... preferences?" Will looks away, looking down at the bathwater.

"No. Not when it comes to the gender of my partners." Hannibal kneels beside the bath, stroking Will's cheek.

"Alright." Will nods, tilting his head into the touch, his breath tickling over Hannibal's wrist. Hannibal decided against questioning Will, gently stroking the boy's hair. Will hummed, shutting his eyes. Hannibal slowly leaned over the edge of the tub to kiss Will's temples.

"Dear sweet boy, you are like a lamb." Hannibal whispered against Will's skin

"Do you suppose that you're the wolf?" Will smiles at Hannibal, and was returned a small smile and a chuckle.

"Perhaps I am. The fable by Aesop the wolf eats the innocent lamb."

“He looked for an excuse first.” Will whispered, looking into Hannibal’s eyes.

“Smart, little lamb.” Hannibal kisses Will slowly, cupping the nape of the boy’s neck

“Being smart wouldn’t save the lamb from the wolf.” Will uttered against Hannibal’s lips. The larger man slowly pulled away, smiling softly. Hannibal stood, fixing his jacket

“I’ll see you downstairs.” Hannibal left. Will shut his eyes and reaches down in the bathwater, rubbing his small cock slowly, purring and biting his lips. Will was inexperienced in touching himself, and gently curls one finger into his vagina. The teasing from the older man confused Will, yet turned him on. Will arches his back, fingers sliding inside of his hot entrance with ease. Biting his lip, Will spread himself out, thinking about Hannibal doing this, if the doctor pushed Will down and fingered him to the point of tears. Will bit his lip and whimpered, adding a third finger.

Will’s oversensitivity led to an early orgasm, moaning as he released. His thigh muscles trembling, and he pants softly, tilting back his head. After sitting there for a few minutes Will stood, slipping out of the bath. He picked up his towel and dried himself off carefully. Once dry Will dressed himself up again, fixing his unruly curls in the large mirror.

Will wandered downstairs, smiling softly as he made his way to Hannibal’s office. The door was slightly ajar, Will let himself in. The room was huge, the room was lined with bookshelves, and a ladder led up to a second layer of bookshelves. The room was decorated with small marble statues, and some animal skulls tactfully laid out, and a metal statue of a stag. Hannibal was sitting behind a large mahogany desk in front of a fireplace, and there were seats between Will and Hannibal.

“Your office is beautiful...” Will’s lips were parted, his eyes darting around the room. He walked further inside. Hannibal smirked

“Have a seat, Will, read through these papers.” Hannibal held out a small stack of papers to Will, standing so Will could sit behind his desk. Will sat down in the leather desk chair, and Hannibal walked to a bookshelf nearby to browse his collection. Will settled himself down in the chair to begin reading the papers:

‘These documents were composed on September 14th, 2016. Written by the dominant partner Hannibal Lecter. Filled out by the submissive counterpart William Graham. Acceptable names to call the dominant include: Sir, daddy, master, and Hannibal. In return for gifts, money, and travel experiences the submissive in question is expected to agree to the following: do not have intercourse with other men/women, do not be rude to the dominant or others, be in the company of the dominant for at least two days a week. If the rules are not followed, then a punishment will be administered.’

Will tucked his bottom lip between his teeth, his eyes flicking up from the paper, looking at Hannibal, who was reading a book. Will returned to reading the papers, his cheeks bright red.

‘Please answer the following questions honestly. What are your hard limits including emotional limits? Is marking permitted on the submissive party? Fantasies the submissive

wishes to fulfill? Preferred aftercare protocol? Is humiliation permitted? Pain allowance, and preference?'

Will scoops up a pen from the desk and answers all the questions. His face lighting up more with red, Hannibal watches, head tilted slightly. Will turned to the next page to continue reading.

'What are the submissive parties safeword? Submissive' clothes sizes in shirts, pants, shoes, and rings? If the submissive party in question, William Graham, would like to proceed in a relationship described above with Doctor Hannibal Lecter, sign the bottom of the page and sign the date.'

With a flick of Will's wrists he signed the paper. Hannibal watches, his eyes following Will's hand as he signed the papers.

First Time for Everything

The older man walked closer once Will signed the paper, leaning over the smaller man. “How lovely, my lamb.” Hannibal smiles, leaning over Will and picking up the papers to read Will’s responses “You seem to like the idea of humiliation according to your response, hm?” Hannibal smirks softly.

Will nods “It’s always been something I’ve wanted to try, sir.”

“Fantastic. I do think I heard you upstairs doing something very naughty in my bathroom. Would you care to explain this?” Hannibal tilts his head, pressing will into the desk. Will laid on his back. Looking up at the larger man.

“I- I’m sorry, sir.” Will gazes up at Hannibal, and the older man leaned down to kiss Will. Teeth clacking, and Hannibal biting at Will’s tongue and lips. Hannibal’s eyes flashed with something darker than lust. Will gently holds at Hannibal’s broad shoulders.

“My sweet lamb, what am I to do with you?” Hannibal spoke lowly against Will’s ear, pulling the boy’s hair. Will allowed it, gasping softly and shutting his eyes.

“Sir, I-” Will sputters, trying to sit up, but Hannibal kept Will in place.

“Do you want to have sex?” Hannibal asks, rubbing Will’s thigh, their noses pressed together. Breath mingling. Will nodded quickly, looking up at Hannibal

“Promise you won’t be upset...with my uh... genitals...” Will whispers

“I would never be upset about my partner’s genitals, Will, just lay back and I’ll care for you.” Hannibal kisses the corner of Will’s lips. Will nods slowly, relaxing slowly and tilting his head back. Allowing Hannibal to kiss down the younger’s body, taking apart Will’s clothes slowly. The doctor folded the clothes, kissing the fresh exposed skin. Hannibal continued until Will was only in his boxers. Will’s small cock strained against the fabric, and Hannibal knelt and nuzzled into Will’s dick. His fingers on Will’s thighs paused when he felt a wet patch lower than Will’s dick.

Will meets Hannibal’s eyes and utters a single pathetic “Please...” Hannibal responded by tugging down Will’s underwear. The older man concealed a smirk, leaning forward to lick along Will’s vulva. Will gasps and moans weakly, shivering.

“This is nothing to be embarrassed by, Will. You are so rare, a true gem.” Hannibal whispered, pushing something hot and wriggling into Will. The younger gasped and his eyes flew open, looking down to see Hannibal’s ashy blonde head between his legs.

“F-Fuck!”

“Manners, Will.” Hannibal nipped Will’s thigh before pressing his lips back to Will’s pussy. Will became a moaning mess under Hannibal, shivering. Hannibal slowly pulled his lips

away with a slick sound of saliva and Will's juices. Hannibal pulled away to retrieve a tube, taking the time to unzip his pants and pull out his dick. Will gawked at Hannibal, his cock was thick and about eight inches long. Hannibal moved back between Will's legs, reaching one hand to guide himself to the younger's pussy, and the other hand held Will's hipbone tightly.

Slowly Will was breached, his body stretching taut to accompany Hannibal's girth. Hannibal growls and lets go of the base of his cock, reaching up to grasp Will's throat. Will tilted his head back and rolls his hips curiously, effectively pushing Hannibal further inside. Hannibal kisses Will, forcing himself in to the hilt.

"You're so tight, Will, like a vice." Hannibal murmurs, arching himself to breathe onto Will's throat and ear. Will let out a broken sob when Hannibal began to pump himself in and out of Will's body. The doctor was precise, hitting a sensitive gland that made Will cry out a wrangled moan of bliss. Hannibal pressed Will's hips down, thrusting deeper and harder.

"Daddy!" Will cries out in pleasure, clawing at the desk under him. Hannibal draws himself out, slamming back inside, splitting Will open. Will blinked wildly, for a moment Hannibal was a monster. With oil black skin, and antlers that stemmed from his head, eyes bright red. After a moment of frantic blinking Hannibal was back, poised over Will and grunting.

Will reached up, touching Hannibal's jaw, and the older man kissed his palm, slowing his pace. He throbbed inside of Will. Will sobbed, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"H-Hanni! I'm gonna-" Will groans, Hannibal reaching down to stroke Will's dick

"Cum." Hannibal orders and Will unwinds the coil in his belly. Cum spurting onto his belly, and his pussy tightening around Hannibal. Hannibal moans and he growls as he came inside of Will, grunting into Will's ear. He nuzzled his face into Will's hair before easing himself out of Will. He gently wiping away the tears with his thumb "Hush, sweet boy, you're okay. Breathe." Hannibal croons, gathering the trembling boy up in his strong arms. Will slowly calmed down, burying his face into Hannibal's shoulder. He was lifted, and carried to the bedroom. Hannibal used a warm damp cloth to gently clean Will, before helping him dress up.

Hannibal whispered soft words lovingly in a language Will didn't recognize. But it helped him to relax regardless. Will gently kisses Hannibal's cheek, smiling softly up at his lover. Hannibal stroked his hair.

"You can rest for a few minutes longer, I am taking you shopping so we can buy you some clothes." Hannibal stroked Will's dark curly hair, and the boy leaned into it.

"Okay!" Will smiles lazily, basking in the warmth Hannibal's body provided him.

The Shopping Trip

About thirty minutes passed, Hannibal stayed and held Will. Rubbing his back and playing with the boy's curls. Hannibal decided it was time to leave, moving and guiding Will to stand. Will leaned against his lover, and Hannibal knelt, dressing Will with care. Pulling up Will's pants and boxers. Hannibal pulled a silk button-up around Will, lifting the boy's arms to guide them into the sleeve. Will turned and put Hannibal's tie on for him and Hannibal buttoned up Will's shirt, grazing his fingertips over the skin before it was hidden again. Will walked with Hannibal to the Bentley that sat in Hannibal's garage. Hannibal opened the passenger side door for Will before striding to the driver's side. Will sat in the passenger side, buckling up, and looking over at Hannibal curiously.

Hannibal put on classical music, and began driving. He drove to a large shopping mall. Sitting together in cozy silence. Hannibal parked close to the entrance of the mall, and slipping out of the driver's seat. Will followed happily, walking with Hannibal into the mall.

Hannibal led Will through stores with price-tags that made Will nauseous. Hannibal picked out clothes for Will, along with pants. Hannibal found cologne as well that would suit his taste. Will blushed very lightly all the while watching what Hannibal picked for him. Across the mall a girl who was in the academy with Will pointed her phone at the couple for a brief moment before walking briskly out of the mall.

After a few hours Hannibal walked Will to a store that had lingerie shown in the windows. Hannibal held Will's hand and led him inside. Will's face was bright red.

"Pick yourself out a few presents, Will. Whatever you would like." Hannibal spoke quietly

"Okay, sir." Will nodded obediently and wanders around the store. Will picked out a vibrator that corresponded to an app on your phone, and ropes. Hannibal took the two items and leaned to kiss Will's forehead.

"You can wait outside of the store." Hannibal smiled faintly and Will walked out of the sex store. The boy waited outside of the store happily. A man approached him, smiling coolly.

"Hey, what're you up to all alone?" the man leered over Will. Will leaned back, flushing a bit.

"I'm waiting for my boyfriend." Will replied quickly, looking away from the man. His neck was long and made him a centimeter or so taller than Will. With short dark brown hair and bluish eyes.

"Not very nice for him to leave you around. My name's Matthew, who are you?" Matthew reached and grabbed Will's hand to shake it. Will shook his hand halfheartedly and looked down.

"Will."

Matthew reached forward and cupped Will's face, Will moved back but Matthew took two steps closer.

"Excuse me." Hannibal moved between Will and Matthew, forcing Matthew to move his hand. Hannibal leaned down slightly to kiss Will's forehead "Who is this, dear boy?" Hannibal stared at Matthew, maintaining eye contact with him.

"It's Matthew Brown." Matthew looked at Hannibal. Hannibal tuts and breaks eye contact to look at Will.

"Would you like to go home now, Will?" Hannibal wrapped one arm around Will's waist to draw him closer. Will nods and Hannibal herds him to the car. Will sighs softly, and leans against Hannibal's side. Hannibal helped Will into the car, getting in after him.

"Did he touch you?" Hannibal looked at Will. Will shook his head.

"No. He didn't."

"Good." Hannibal leaned over and pressed his lips to Will's slowly and lovingly. Will returned the kiss with tongue and teeth. Hannibal didn't mind, his hand curling around the back of Will's neck.

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The couple returned to Hannibal's house around four in the afternoon. Will was seated in an armchair in front of Hannibal's fireplace, sipping a glass of water. Hannibal had wine and was reclined next to Will, his legs crossed. The silence that ate up the room was comfortable and warm, and Will's mind was fuzzy.

"Will, I would like to tell you not to listen to what other's may tell you about me. Gossip spreads quickly, and I would like for you to trust me." Hannibal looks at Will with his brown and red eyes.

"What do people say?"

"People say that I am a serial killer." Hannibal sips his wine

"I think if you were you would've killed me already." Will murmurs with a smile.

"I think I would've too, a perfect lamb like you trapped with a wolf wouldn't last very long." Hannibal smirks faintly.

"Do you have any family around here?"

"No, my family passed away long ago. In Europe."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"It is something I have... come to terms with." Hannibal took in a deep breath of his wine before sipping it.

“My mother left when I was young, and my dad was an alcoholic.” Will was direct, making Hannibal lean forward a bit and tilt his head.

“Have you ever met your mother?”

“I last saw her when I was three or four.”

“What do you plan on doing with your future, Will?”

“I’m not sure. I want to live out in the woods. Have a couple dogs.” Will drank more of his water.

“I can arrange a place for you to live. A small cabin perhaps, somewhere for us to enjoy ourselves.”

“Perhaps, sir.” Will cooed and looks into Hannibal’s eyes. Hannibal stood, setting his glass to the side and turning on some classical music. He extended his hand to Will.

“Would you like to dance?”

Will nodded quickly, taking Hannibal’s hand and standing. The older man guided him, setting a hand on his hip and holding his other hand. Hannibal swayed with Will, holding him close. There was barely an inch between their bodies. Will smiled and rested his head under Hannibal’s chin as they danced smoothly together. Not unlike an oiled machine, turning and clunking along.

“Sweet lamb, such a shame it would be if the wolf ate you up tonight.” Hannibal whispered, smirking.

“it would be a shame.” Will purred, blushing dark red. Hannibal cupped his skull in his hand

“Can you handle twice in one day?”

“I can handle whatever you’re willing to give me, daddy” Will crooned

Hannibal pushed Will back to lay on the couch before the fire. Will pulled off Hannibal’s suit jacket while Hannibal worked off Will’s shirt. Slowly working together they both completely undressed. Hannibal leaned down, tracing his tongue along Will’s vulva, drawing out a moan from Will’s throat. A tongue entered Will, and he reached down to grip Hannibal’s ashen hair. Hannibal ate Will out fervently and slowly pulled away once the boy was thoroughly drenched in saliva and his own liquids.

Hannibal grabbed the base of his cock, and Will reached down and separated his pussy lips to show off the delicate pink flesh and his entrance. Hannibal’s face was shadowed by the fire behind him, and warm spread over Will’s limbs and face. Will gasped feeling the doctor slowly push into him, one arm holding the couch cushion beside Will’s head. Will groans, tightening up around Hannibal. The older man thrusted deep into Will, grunting softly with effort. With every thrust Hannibal aimed deeper, eventually butting against his goal. Will’s womb. Will wailed in pain and pleasure, clawing at Hannibal’s back.

“What would you do Will, if I submitted to my baser instincts. Impregnated you.” Hannibal whispered, rolling his hips to push the tip of his cock into Will’s womb.

“I-I’d kill you.” Will threatened. Hannibal chuckled and thrusted hard into Will. The rough movements creating a lewd slapping sound that resonated through the room. Echoed by moans and grunts. Will began to moan louder as Hannibal plowed into him, and he orgasmed. The firelight dancing over sweaty skin, as Hannibal threw his head back and came inside of Will. His seed spilling into Will’s womb.

A Party to Remember

It was a Sunday night a month later, and Hannibal was hosting a dinner party. The older man would leave in the night while Will was sleeping in bed, dress himself and leave, coming back in the early hours of the morning. It confused Will when he would feel Hannibal leave, then return some hours later. But the boy didn't worry too much about it.

Will wore a light blue suit, the jacket and pants matching, and a white button-up under it that had the top few buttons undone. A brown belt around his hips, and oxfords in the same color. Will pushed his curls to the side, fixing himself up. Hannibal was already downstairs, waiting for guests. He had ordered Will to come downstairs in ten minutes so all the guests would see him. Possessive bastard. Will had his wireless vibrator wedged into his pussy, not turned on, and barely resting against his g-spot.

Downstairs people stirred, talking, eating, and dancing. Will carefully maneuvered himself down the stairs, walking down. Hannibal stood near the banister of the stairs. The ashy haired man smirked seeing Will, reaching to take the boy's hand. Will immediately accepted the offer, and Hannibal drew him close. Alana stood on the other side of the room, walking over to talk to them both.

"Hey, Will, I haven't seen you around in a while."

"I've been busy with my studies. How's the bakery?"

"Good, I got my wife involved in it more. I suppose you two know each other well?" Alana looks at Hannibal with an arched eyebrow, sipping a glass of red wine.

"Yes, we do. Me and Will have been spending our spare time together." Hannibal stared at Alana, as if daring her to ask more. The woman nodded, her hair bobbing softly against her pale skin.

"Will, I would like to cheers with you, to the two of you. Would you walk me to the kitchen for more wine?" the brunette requested softly. Will nodded, not looking up to Hannibal.

"Of course, I'll lead the way." Will parted from Hannibal's side, the older man patting his hip. Will walked Alana out of the ballroom. Leading her to the kitchen, opening the fridge to find some wine.

"Will, I know you're young and you don't see an issue with this, but it's wrong. Professionally. He's your professor. There is a huge power difference." Alana stood close to Will.

"What? I know there's a power difference. We are both legal consenting adults, I'm nineteen. He might be older than me but I don't see the issue." Will poured himself a glass of wine. Alana sighed.

“Will, if you need somewhere to stay you can live with me and Margot. Please, think about it.” Alana reached out to rest her hand on Will’s shoulder. A grimace graced Will’s features, he moved away a bit “I’ve known him for longer than you have, Will.”

“You don’t know him! Not like I know him!” Will snaps at Alana. Hannibal’s figure entered the kitchen, frowning.

“William. Here. Now.” Hannibal looked at Will, his eyes fiery. Will walked over to Hannibal, acting as if he was a puppy being scolded by their master for misbehaving. A calloused hand wrapped itself around the back of Will’s neck “Doctor Bloom, please give me and William a few moments alone.” Alana was quick to listen, rushing out of the room to return to her wife.

“I-I’m sorry, daddy.” Will whispers desperately

“You were very rude to one of our guests, William. I have no choice but to punish you now. Go get the wooden paddle.” Hannibal looked at Will emotionlessly.

“Please-”

“William. Don’t argue with me.” Hannibal frowned slightly. Will trembled as he went to the cabinet that held their downstairs toys. He hated the paddle when he was punished. He much preferred a bare hand on ass spanking. Hannibal stood near the doorway, Will brought him the leather and wood paddle.

Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will’s shoulders, walking him into the ballroom where the guests were. Hannibal took a glass of champagne and gently tapped it with a fork to gain everyone’s attention. Will’s face and ears burned a shy crimson. Will didn’t know many of the guests, but he knew that Beverly was there and Alana was with her wife too.

“I would like to apologize to Doctor Bloom for the behavior of William, and since he has been awfully rude tonight I do think I must punish him.”

“H-Hannibal... please...” Will bleated, but Hannibal ignored his pleas. The taller man sat down in a chair, patting his lap for Will. The teenager leaned over Hannibal’s lap, hiding his face in the man’s thigh.

“If you bite I will punish you more, try not to ruin these pants.” Hannibal murmured, pulling down Will’s pants and boxers to reveal his plump ass to the chilled air. Will’s icy blue eyes filled with tears of shame, and Hannibal ran his hand over the pert flesh for a moment. Hannibal put force into the hit, the paddle made a satisfying crack over Will’s ass. Will let out a shrill gasp, clinging to the chair. Hannibal dragged his nails over the reddening flesh between flogs. Will sobbed, crying into Hannibal’s laps. The guests watched, whispered, Will choked out a sob as Hannibal lifted his head by grabbing a fistful of his hair. Will turned his head to look at Hannibal.

“They’re all watching you Will, do you enjoy your attention?” Hannibal moved Will’s pants and boxers back up to cover the budding bruises on the boy’s ass as the boy nodded. Will curled up, sobbing and hiccupping. Hannibal drew him up in his arms, holding Will in his lap and kissing his cheek and forehead. Hannibal rubs Will’s back slowly to calm him.

“You did so well, dear boy” Hannibal whispers against Will’s hair, the smaller man nods and hid his tear stained face in the man’s neck. Will trembled, his crying slowing and growing quieter. The older man carefully stroked Will’s hair, holding him in a heap in his lap.

“D-Daddy, please...” Will cries

“Hush, dear, Be a good boy. Dance with me and at the end of the night I’ll give you a bath.” Hannibal assured the smaller curly haired boy. Will obediently nodded his head. After a few more minutes Hannibal stood Will up, standing up and holding Will steady until Will got his bearings.

A new song began playing, something romantic and classic. Hannibal led Will to the center of the ballroom, holding his boy close and allowing Will to lean on him. Will relaxed slowly, following Hannibal’s lead. They waltzed around in small circles, Will relaxed after a minute, smiling and dancing close to Hannibal.

“Are you going to behave now, Will?” Hannibal whispered, and Will smiled softly and nodded

“Yes, sir, I will.”

“Good, boy. You behave so nicely for me, you spoke back to Alana earlier and no one tends to do that.” the man twirled Will before tugging him back to press close together “I appreciate that you do not question me. Your trust is very important to me, Will. I had to punish you to show Alana not to meddle.” Hannibal ran one hand in the messy curls at the base of Will’s skull.

“I have no reason not to trust you. You gave me a beautiful place to stay, food, and clothes. You’re very kind to me, Hannibal.”

“My sweet lamb, you are so lovely.” Hannibal leans down to kiss Will’s cheek softly, dancing in circles even as the guests began to leave.

Chapter 9

Once all the guests were gone, Hannibal led Will to the main bathroom. There was a large bath, and a walk-in-shower in its own corner. Will tugged off his suit jacket, and Hannibal took it from his hands, folding it neatly and setting it on the counter of the sink. Deft and calloused hands reached out to loosen Will's tie, slowly pulling off the article. Will reached up to hold at Hannibal's clothed shoulders.

"You behaved very well today; I am very pleased." Hannibal began unbuttoning Will's shirt and pulling it away from his thin shoulders.

"Thanks." Will cooperated with Hannibal, moving his arms to help with the removal of his shirt. Hannibal stroked over Will's curls and kissed his forehead. Hannibal knelt and untied Will's shoelaces, pulling off the oxfords from his feet. Next came Will's pants and boxers. Once they were off Hannibal peppered kisses onto Will's pale thighs, making the boy shiver and blush. Will pet the side of Hannibal's face, the man tilted his cheek into the touch. Will gasped softly as Hannibal hoisted him up, setting him on the ledge of the bathtub. Hannibal turned the knob of the bathtub, letting hot water fill the tub. As the tub began to fill Hannibal added some essential oils. Will recognized it as tea tree, and lavender oil. They both waited in an all-encompassing, warm silence that smothered the white room.

Will turned on his ass, wincing slightly as his bruises and welts rubbed on the ledge. Hannibal rolled up the sleeves of his button up, assisting Will to lower him into the warm water. Will relaxed, shutting his eyes and sinking up to his chin in the water. Hannibal seemed to genuinely enjoy bathing Will, washing his hair with strong rough fingers, hands that had sometimes had a coppery tang to their scent. Will tilted his head back against the wall of the tub to glance up at Hannibal. The man carefully brought small handfuls of water up to soak Will's curls. Will shut his eyes and nearly dozed off at the feeling of his lover washing his hair. Hannibal lathered Will's scalp and made sure every curl was sudsy. The doctor used one hand to block Will's eyes and rinsed Will's hair. Will let out a pleased little hum, sinking deeper into the soapy water. Hannibal wrapped his arm around Will, guiding the boy up to his feet. Will held Hannibal's bare forearm for stability and emerged from the bathtub. Hannibal went to the counter to fetch a towel, returning and beginning to dry Will off.

"You're too kind to me Hannibal."

"You deserve all the kindness I can muster." Hannibal spoke into Will's ear directly, drying the boy's hair and moving down his body until he was completely dry. Will took Hannibal's hands and walked him out of the bathroom, into their large bedroom. Hannibal held Will's hand and followed along willingly. Together they fell into the queen-sized bed, tangling together in a heap of warm flesh.

Ever so slowly, Hannibal moved out of bed. He administered a sedative into Will's arm, rubbing the small entrance wound, pecking Will on the cheek before walking out of the bedroom with some clothes. Will began to stir, breathing slowly, he rolled onto his side with

some effort to look at the clock. It was two in the morning. Hannibal wasn't in bed. Will dragged himself to sit up, rolling out of bed and pulling on pants and a shirt. A loud clatter and bang rang out from the kitchen. Will stumbled to the dresser, drawing his gun, someone must be breaking in. Will tiptoed out of the bedroom, down the long dark hallways to the main staircase. He clung to the railing with one hand, his other hand held outstretched with the loaded gun. The light from the kitchen poured out into the hallway.

A grunt, and a soft sigh. Will crept to the kitchen, leaning his shoulder against the wall.

"Hannibal?! I have a gun!" Will moved into the doorway. Hannibal stood there, his nose was dripping blood, he turned his head to Will. Alana was sat on the floor, blood seeping out of a wound in her chest and belly.

"Will, go back to bed." Hannibal snapped, he had one a curved blade in his hand. Crimson was splashed on the man's cheek, his eyes cold.

"Hannibal, you..." Will flinched, moving closer, lowering the gun "You have to leave, you're going to be in trouble..." Hannibal reached out for Will. Alana shook her pale face, kicking out her legs weakly. Will took Hannibal's hand and dragged the boy closer.

"Come with me, Will. I can find a world for us somewhere else." Hannibal spoke lowly, almost a growl that was deep in his chest.

"I can't, Hannibal, I just-" Will began. Hannibal raised one hand to tangle in Will's hair, he surged the knife forward into Will's abdomen. The brunette's eyes widened, and he choked, clawing at Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal held him up steady, looking into Will's eyes.

"You betrayed me, Will." Hannibal lowered Will onto the cold tiles. Will shook his head, trembling and covering his gash with his forearm. Will breathes heavily, coughing through his nose and spitting up blood. Hannibal stood over Will silently for a moment "I made a place in my world for you, Will. You deny me having you? You deny yourself being mine."

"N-No..." Will looks up at Hannibal, tears filling his eyes, he takes in ragged breaths of air.

"You are. You denied me. You are changed, Will. We share each other. I have done this the whole time." Hannibal leans down over Will, stroking his curls that stuck to his sweaty forehead. Will pawed at Hannibal's chest, catching a hold on his blood-stained linen shirt. Will shook his head and sputtered

"I changed you as much-" Will took in a shuddering gasp of air "as you changed me..." Hannibal looked down at Will.

"Close your eyes, Will. Let yourself drift off. No more pain." Hannibal whispered, a tear tracing its way down his face. Will shook his head, clinging to Hannibal.

"Please... Don't go..." The boy pleaded; his voice lacked bite or passion

"I forgive you, Will." Hannibal let go of the heap of curls, tugging away from Will "I loved you. Allowed you to see me."

“Don’t let go... Hannibal...” Will looked up at Hannibal, his vision a soft fuzz. The man turned, walking out of the room. Will called after him weakly “Hannibal...” Alana pulled herself to help cover Will’s wounds, choking for breath and pressing her head over Will’s chest.

“Will...Will, shh...” Alana whispered, her breathing was labored, and she bled onto Will and onto the tile flooring. Time went slowly, Will turned his head. A large stag laid on the floor, bleeding. Crimson filling the room. Will blinked slowly, looking at Alana. The sound of footsteps roused Will again some time later, he was lifted onto a gurney, rushed voices. Questions that Will couldn’t quite make out. Will shut his eyes, listening silently as he drifted in and out of consciousness.

Chapter 10

The rain trickled down Hannibal's face, wetting his hair, and soaking his shirt. He walked out of town, to a dock that he bought long ago. An old boat sat in the bay, rocking slowly. Hannibal slid onto the vessel, crouching into the small room, checking his food stock, and grabbing spare clothes. He leaned over the small sink and washed his face with a small white rag. Hannibal left after dressing himself, a small boat sailing across the Atlantic Ocean.

Will's eyes peeled open slowly, he rolls his head to the side, blinking at the moonlight pouring in from a half open window. Will's father sat there, sleeping, one hand lazily resting on Will's bed. Will didn't look very much like his dad, his father had dirty blonde, straight hair, and piercing blue eye. Will looked up at the ceiling, shutting his eyes.

'I made a place in my world for you, Will. You deny me having you? You deny yourself being mine.'

Will imagined if he accepted Hannibal. If he had told him he would follow him to the edge of the world, then over it. He imagined Hannibal pulling him closer, putting the knife on the table, stroking Will's hair. Alana watching as she bled out, as the two men held each other. Movement at Will's side roused him up again. Will's father was awake.

"Hello, William."

"Hello, dad."

"I told you not to move to the city. Ain't no place here. Not for folks like us."

"I had a place."

"With someone who gutted you like a fish. You're comin' home. Doctor told me you won't be able to care for yourself for a while. And you don't have any friends around here. Not anymore."

"No. I don't have a 'home', and I certainly don't want to be scrutinized by you. Not anymore." Will's voice was weak, he never spoke against his father.

"I raised you. I taught you to fish. Taught you to gut a fish. Now here you are gutted. Can't blame your mother for leavin' you." The older man frowned and stared down at Will, standing up and leaning over Will and the hospital bed. Will choked up flinching away.

"Don't- leave me alone-" Will squeezed his eyes shut. He reached down to cup Will's face in his hand, Will didn't think before he acted. Will bit his father's hand, blood filling his mouth. His father shouted and he slapped Will, nurses rushed in and pulled him away from Will. Will coughs and spit up the blood. A nurse rushed over and administered his pain medicine, washing up Will's face with a damp cloth. Will's breathing slowed back to a normal rate. Time went by quickly, spending his time sleeping and drinking water when he woke up.

A doctor entered the room “Hello, Mister Graham. You have a couple visitors.” Will nodded and blinked slowly, watching the doctor leave after giving him a quick check over. Beverly walked into the room, holding flowers and a container of food.

“Hi, Will.” Beverly smiled, it was somewhat forced

“Hey, Bev.” Will watched as Beverly set the flowers down on the nightstand, putting the food on Will’s little table.

“How’re you feeling?”

“Peachy.”

“Very funny.”

“I’ve been better. How is Alana?” Will looks up at Beverly, she averted her eyes and took a steadying breath

“She’s dead. Died on the way to the hospital.” Beverly sat on the edge of the bed, resting her hand over Will’s. The boy’s lips twitched, he held Beverly’s hand tight, trembling. He should have listened to Alana. She died because Will didn’t listen to her.

“Fuck. It’s not fair. I could’ve- she shouldn’t've-” Will stammers, Beverly pet Will’s hair, moving closer to gently draw Will’s head to her shoulder.

“There is nothing you could have done, Will.” Beverly stroked Will’s hair until he relaxed. His muscles loosening.

“Your wounds are surgical. Hannibal knew how to cut you...” Beverly spoke quietly

“He likes the world a little better while I'm in it.”

Over the course of seven months Will healed completely, a scar was all that was left. Will was questioned, tested, and questioned again to see if he knew about what Hannibal did. Will was told that Hannibal was a serial killer. Will saw this, and he didn’t care. A part of him still ached for the older man. Maybe it would always be that way. Nightmares were almost nightly; Alana haunted his dreams.

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Four years passed, Will lived in a cozy little house with his pack of stray dogs. Will stood in the stream near his home, fishing. The sun gleamed against the water, blinding him from time to time. Will made his way home, carrying two fish. After gutting the fish Will cooked one of them for himself, freezing the other. Dinner was pleasant enough, and Will fed his scraps to his dogs. He walked out the front door, going to his mailbox. Opening the small metal box, Will pulled out a small bundle of mail.

Junk. Junk. Bills. Junk...a Manilla envelope. Will flipped the envelope in his fingers, in fine cursive it was addressed to him. Will walked inside, sitting on his bed, his back to the doorway leading to the kitchen. Will used his thumb to open the envelope, it smelled like

fresh linens, and wine. Will nearly wanted to throw up. He pulled out the paper that was inside. It was a letter.

‘Dearest Will,

I heard about the passing of Jack Crawford’s wife. You must tell him that I feel terribly sorry for Bella’s death. I also heard that you graduated from the FBI academy, I am very proud of you. Do expect a visit sometime in the near future. I am giving you a final chance to attempt to accept this rare gift.

Love, Hannibal Lecter’

Will leaned over, his elbows on his thighs, Hannibal was in America. Maybe even in the neighborhood at this moment. There were no stamps on the mail, so was Hannibal already here? Will rubbed his eyes and stood, tucking the note in his pillowcase. Winston began barking, plodding alongside Will. Even after Hannibal, Will went after older men. Currently Will was ‘involved’ as he put it with a man named Fredrick Chilton. The man had known Hannibal, and he ran the hospital for the criminally insane. Chilton would give Will presents, and bring him to parties and on vacation. Will enjoyed the attention, it would be a lie to say he didn’t. The brunette scooped up his phone to call the older man. A few rings went by before there was an answer on the other end.

“Hello, Will, I’m in the middle of an appointment. I’ll pick you up for dinner at six.” Chilton hung up before Will could let out a response. Will sighs and tosses his phone to the side, sitting on the hardwood floor. Winston panted, walking over and plopping himself down on Will’s lap.

“Good boy, Winston. If Hannibal is really stalking around, you’ll get him, right?” Will murmured to the dog, using a higher pitched voice. The dog barked happily, licking Will’s hand “Good” The next few hours of being alone in his house with his dogs, were spent pacing and locking and relocking all the windows and doors.

A soft knock at the door startled Will, he peeped over and saw Chilton, relaxing a bit. Will walked to the door, opening it, walking outside. He made sure his door was locked, Chilton watched.

“You seem much more paranoid that usual, Will. Did I miss something?”

“Just didn’t sleep well. Nightmares, you know.” Will grumbled and walked alongside Chilton to the older man’s car. Will hopped into the passenger seat, and Chilton started up the engine. Will looked out the window, scanning the tree line. For a split second, a figure stood among the trees behind his barn. Will tensed slightly rubbing his eyes and looking again, there was no figure there. Chilton pulled out of the driveway, setting one hand on Will’s knee.

“I bought you some new clothes and jewelry. I would like you to try all of it on for me after dinner.” Chilton squeezed Will’s knee gently.

“Sure. Maybe I can stay at your house for a few nights?” Will asked, looking over to Chilton

“No, we’ve talking about this before, puppy, I do not want you to become attached to me like you were to Doctor Lecter. It would make us seem like boyfriends.”

“Yeah...” Will murmured, zoning out as he stared at the passing fauna outside the car. Chilton brought Will to his house, dressing him to go to a big party. Will wore a tuxedo, with a blue bowtie around his throat. Chilton wore a plain black suit. Will and Chilton returned to Chilton’s car, slipping inside and leaving for the party.

The night was warm, and the stars glittered playfully above the party. Classical music was being played by the band, and the outside area was decorated with grape vines, and paper lamps. Will danced with Chilton, and Chilton held Will close.

“You’re getting so many looks, do you enjoy the attention?” Chilton mutters lowly into Will’s ear. Will tilts his head to the side and shut his eyes for a moment.

“You know I don’t care for attention.”

“You’re asking for it, being as handsome as you are.” Chilton moved one hand to absently finger a curl away from Will’s eyes. Will moves his face to chase the fleeting touch. When the song ended, Chilton kissed Will’s cheek “I’ll fetch us some wine.” Chilton patted Will’s side before striding away. Will stood alone among strangers. People bustled around him, yet his ears rang. The hairs on the back of his neck prickled, and Will looked around. Strangers moved around him. A soft hand settled on his arm, Will jerked his head to be greeted by Margot.

“Hello, Mister Graham.”

“Hi, Margot.”

“What a coincidence seeing you here.”

“Yeah, how’re you doing?”

“As fine as you’re doing. You look lost.”

“You could say that. I don’t really know anyone here.”

“Hm. Then what are you doing here?” Margot’s demeanor suddenly shifted to nearly aggressive

“I’m here with my significant other.”

“Last time we were in a situation like this my wife died.” Margot looked at Will, her eyes piercing him.

“I’m sorry about what happened. I wish I could’ve-”

“It’s far too late for that, Mister Graham.” Margot stalked away. Will stood still.

Pick up a dinner knife. Grab her wrist and drive the knife into her chest when she turns to look at me. Keep going. Gut her, and prepare her for dinner. Hang her up in the barn, drain her blood, let it drip onto the dirt.

“Will? You look pale.” Chilton’s voice knocked Will’s thoughts back into order.

“Sorry, I was just thinking. I think I’m ready to go home.” Will led the way to Chilton’s car. Chilton followed with a frown. He sat in the driver’s seat

“Will, what is your problem?”

“I don’t know anyone there. I was bored. Bring me home.” Will crossed his arms. Hannibal stood outside of the building, wearing a hat along with his suit to hide his face. Watching as Will rushed to Chilton’s car, and as the car drove away

Chilton and Will drove to Will’s house in silence. Will’s leg jerked up and down, earning a glare from Chilton. The doctor parked the car at the end of Will’s driveway.

“Out.” Chilton hissed. Will got out, slamming the door. Chilton’s car immediately sped off. Will walked through the dark, the gravel shuffling under his feet. Will walked up to the front door, his dogs barking happily. The man unlocked his front door, shutting and locking it quickly behind him. Will pulled off his suit, huffing as he tossed it on his chair in the corner. Will slipped into a white t-shirt, wriggling into bed. Will worried that Hannibal would return, only to leave him again. Winston hops onto the bed, cuddling Will’s leg and curling up to sleep. Will falls asleep uneasily.

Doctor Lecter drove his motorcycle to Will’s house, writing on his upper thigh on a piece of paper. He looked up at Will’s house, it was dark inside. Hannibal wondered if Will was sleeping, waiting patiently for him. He folded the paper and slid it into Will’s mailbox before wandering into the woods. Hannibal sat by the river in the forest, looking at the stars, dozing off to the sound of the water flowing.

Will sat up in bed, early morning light filtering through the windows. Will strode to the kitchen, making a cup of coffee. The dogs woke up one by one, tails wagging as they waited by the front door. Will put his arms through Hannibal’s old silk robe. Upon opening the door, the dogs ran outside, playing and using the bathroom. Will sat on the porch, sipping his coffee. It was a cloudy day, and rain threatened to fall. Will shut his eyes, listening to his dogs run around in the front yard. Will knew where he would find Hannibal. He knew what he had to do.

Chapter 11

The moon was half full, and the dark sky was filled with clouds, drifting over the moon and blocking nearly all the natural light. Will drove down the road to the gates that now blocked the road to Doctor Lecter's old mansion. A sleek motorcycle was propped up next to a tree, a helmet resting on the seat. The man shut off the car, grabbing his flashlight. Will's eyes settled on his FBI issued pistol for a moment before sliding out of the car and locking it. A small metal sign was attached to the gates 'DO NOT ENTER'. Will pulled out his flashlight, hopping over the gate and walking down the road. Crickets chirped, and somewhere far off in the forest an owl hooed. Will swallowed thickly as he walked, determined.

An hour passed, and the moon sat nearly directly above Will's head. Will saw the large cul-de-sac and light emanated from some of the downstairs windows. Will slowly walked across the concrete, looking up at the looming mansion. The curly-haired man crept up the stone stairs to the front door. Ever so slowly he pushed open the front door, blinking to adjust to the lights. He could hear... music. From the harpsichord that he remembered being located in one of Hannibal's studies. Will's adam's apple bobbed in his throat, miniscule beads of sweat forming on his forehead. The music grew in volume as Will made his way through the house, toward the study. Careful of his footing, to avoid making a sound, he passed the kitchen. Peering inside to see the spotless floor, not a speck of blood. Unlike the way he last saw the room.

The beautiful melody was something Will recognized. From a memory he had from one of his last days with Hannibal...

Will wobbled into Hannibal's study, animal skulls were perched on the walls, and different specimens were set in an arrangement on a large desk. Hannibal sat on the bench in front of his harpsichord, playing the instrument with large deft hands. Will smiled lazily, making his way to Hannibal, the older man smiled, seeing Will in his peripheral. Will laid down on the bench, resting his head in Hannibal's lap. The doctor carefully moved to write in a new chord for his composition. Will smiled, shutting his eyes and listening to the music Hannibal played. Hannibal stopped after a while, stroking the mop of curls that rested on his lap. Carefully he nudged Will off of his lap, making his boy pout and look up at him. Hannibal stood, walking to his record player, carefully starting some classical music. Will watched Hannibal's movements, how he avoided stepping on specific floorboards to avoid a creak. Not wanting to interrupt the music. Hannibal offered his hand out to Will

"Would you care to dance with me, my dear boy?"

"Well- I- I don't know how to dance." Will sputtered, face glowing a cherry red, the tips of his ears growing pink as well. Hannibal smiled, pulling Will to stand

"Allow me to teach you then." Hannibal pulled Will close. Swaying with Will, not minding when the younger man occasionally stepped on his toes, or steps on a noise floorboard. They drifted across the room, swaying, and holding each other.

Will crept into the doorway, looking into the room from the dark hallway. Hannibal sat at the harpsichord, fingers dancing across the keys. The man's hair was slightly grayed, and he wore a plain button-up and maroon slacks. Will slowly walked into the room, his eyes not moving away from Hannibal. Ocean blue eyes glued onto the man he was gutted by. Hannibal stopped playing, allowing the last note to drop in the air.

"I presume you received my note?" Hannibal's voice cut through the air, and turned to face Will.

"Yes. I did." Will felt small, and weak. Hannibal stood, walking to his record player, starting up some music.

"Would you care to dance?" Hannibal approached Will. The brunette didn't back away, he nodded his head silently. Hannibal set a hand on Will's hip, and held his hand on the opposite side. Will fisted his free hand into Hannibal's shoulder. Standing close together, less that four inches separating their bodies.

"Why didn't you kill me?"

"Will, I believe you fill a space in this word, carved out just for you."

"In the best of all possible worlds, I would have gone with you. We could have gone... somewhere..."

"You were a modern Candide, Will. You have seen the horrors of this world, and could not still believe this is the best of the possible outcomes." Hannibal's grip on Will's hip tightened to draw him another inch closer.

"And are you Martin? Or are you my Cunegonde? Actually, I would make the better Cunegonde, I have been disemboweled after-all." Will murmured. Hannibal smiled, baring small sharp teeth. Lecter even chuckled.

"My cunning boy. I saw you with Doctor Fredrick Chilton, I do hope he doesn't have your affection."

"Not as much as you did. You blinded me to what you did, or what you still do."

"In your defense, it took a lot to blind you." Hannibal dragged Will to dance, pressed flush together. After a few long moments of silence, Will leaned up to whisper in Hannibal's ear

"I forgive you, Hannibal. I forgive you." Will uttered, voice nearly trembling. Fingers digging into Hannibal's clothes shoulders. Very suddenly Hannibal hoisted Will up, laying him over the table in the room. Will laid among animal specimens, as Hannibal kissed him passionately.

"Hannibal- I-" Hannibal looked into Will's ocean blue eyes "I need this slow." his voice lowered. Hannibal nodded and continued the kiss, making it was loving and soft now. Will parted from the kiss to allow Will to breathe, pulling off the brunette's clothes, tossing them to the side in uncharacteristic urgency. Will pawed at Hannibal's clothes, his body heating up

and his dick starting to rise as the cool air hit the sensitive skin. Will tangled his hands in ashy-gray hair, lips parting in shock when Hannibal kissed down his smooth chest and belly. Hannibal kissed across the curved scar on his belly. Will felt his eyes fill to the brim with tears. Hannibal spread Will's legs and kissed to his small cock, and his dripping pussy. Hannibal dipped his mouth to Will's pussy, licking him slowly, pressing his nose into his clit, reaching to tug Will's dick.

Will arched his back up off the table and moans, spreading his legs further apart for Hannibal, wrapping his legs over the broad shoulders there. Hannibal wriggled his tongue into Will, thrusting it slowly and tasting his lover. Will tilted his head back, shutting his eyes and moaning openly. Suddenly he was empty again, opening his half-lidded eyes to gaze down at Hannibal. The older man was stripping, his cock springing up as he peeled down his boxers. The man stepped out from his pants and boxers, pressing between Will's legs. Hannibal snaked one hand up Will's chest to his throat, and held his prominent hipbone with the other. Will bit his bottom lip feeling the tip of Hannibal's dick prod teasingly at his entrance, spreading his slick up and down his pussy slowly. Will reached down to stroke his own dick as Hannibal slowly plunged into him. They became one again, after all those years. Grunting and the slick slap of skin against skin filled the room along with classical music.

Once both men released Hannibal pulled out, kissing Will, picking him up and carrying him upstairs. Laying Will down in his large bed, slipping in beside him. Hannibal laid on his back, wrapping one arm around Will as the young man rested his head on Hannibal's chest. Will rested his hand over the other man's hairy chest.

"I love you, Will."

"I... I love you too, Hannibal."

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